



# SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



## SOCIETY

Honoring Miss Eldonna Lantz, a bride-elect of this month, Mrs. Donald Elbel, 803 Portage av., entertained with an afternoon bridge party. The favors of the afternoon were given in Mrs. Neil Robertson and Mrs. Henry Harper. Following the game a two-course luncheon was served to 14 guests at an afternoon table centered with a floral case of garden flowers.

The last of a series of luncheon-bridges to be given by Mrs. Bernard H. Myers, 215 Horatio st., took place Thursday afternoon at Pleasant Hill farm. Twenty-eight guests were seated at an attractively appointed table bearing a centerpiece of red roses. The afternoon was spent at the bridge tables and the favors were given to Mrs. B. D. Coon and Mrs. William Krumm.

As a courtesy to Miss Gertrude Brodbeck whose marriage will take place this month, Mrs. George Marston, 936 Alford st., and Miss Eugene Ewert, entertained at the home of the former Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Six guests were present and after an afternoon spent informally, luncheon was served at a table bearing decorations in pink and white. This afternoon Mrs. C. M. Ruddick, Haney av., will be hostess at an afternoon party in honor of Miss Brodbeck and on Saturday afternoon, Miss Helen Gaff and Miss Frances Hager will entertain with a luncheon party at the home of the former, 1055 Woodward av.

Mrs. Harold Herr, S. William st., was hostess to the members of the Mothers club Thursday afternoon. The time was spent socially and light refreshments were served to 16 guests. In two weeks the club will entertain their husbands at a picnic supper at the home of Mrs. Clem Shidler, E. Jefferson Blvd.

Miss Clara Troeger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Troeger, 517 S. Perry st., and Philip L. Schaffer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schaffer, were married Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Zion Evangelical church, Rev. W. Goffney officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Minnie Schaffer, sister of the groom, and Earl Troeger, brother of the bride, served as groomsmen. During the reading of the service Miss Florence Troeger, sister of the bride, played "At Dawning". The bride wore a becoming gown of white Canton crepe with pearl trimmings and a white picture hat. Her arm bouquet was of white roses and sweet peas. Miss Schaffer wore pink georgette and carried an arm bouquet of pink sweet peas. Following the ceremony dinner was served to 25 guests at the home of the bride's parents. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer will be at home with Mr. Schaffer's parents on Dixie highway.

An announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Florence Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Anderson, 506 Lindsey st., to Mr. Frank M. Goetz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Goetz, 930 W. LaSalle av. The date of the wedding has not been set.

The Circle of Mercy held an afternoon meeting Thursday at the home of Mrs. John Weber, N. Notre Dame av. Forty members were present and after the regular business meeting a social hour was enjoyed, during which light refreshments were served. On next Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, 732 W. Washington av., will be hostess to both the associate and active members of the circle.

The Waneta Sewing circle held an all day session with Mrs. Arch Smith, Edwardsburg rd., Thursday. Plans were made during the business session for a card party to be held at the W. O. W. hall on the afternoon of June 24. Dinner was served at noon and the afternoon was featured with a mock trial, Mrs. O. Jeffries and Mrs. J. Wyland being the guilty parties. In the contests which were held the favors were given to Mrs. Wyland, Mrs. J. Lang, Mrs. M.

Honoring the return of Mrs. Charles Arthur Carlisle, president of the local League of Women Voters, the board of directors gave an attractive luncheon Wednesday afternoon at the Mishawaka Inn. Seventeen guests were seated at the luncheon table which was made lovely with the season's flowers. In an informal talk given by Mrs. Carlisle following the luncheon the guests were entertained with some of her observations upon her recent visit to the Orient, which proved that a careful study of conditions had been made and that every opportunity had been improved by the speaker in regard to political situation.

Mrs. Carlisle with her exceptional opportunity of discussing the Phil-

pine situation with Gen. Wood and others vitally interested in furthering the interests of the islanders, said she felt that the time is not yet ripe for the independence of the people there. One educated native suggested the addition of 2,000 school teachers as the most effective means of preparing the natives for their independence, said the honor guest, and in making a close study of conditions in China she said she learned much as to their love of family, initiative and extreme honesty.

The program for the League for the coming fall was discussed and the work will be devoted to matters of the state legislature. Women of prominence have offered to assist in making clear issues that will greatly improve conditions in Indiana. The September meeting will be in the nature of a tea and will be a get-together meeting.

The Ladies' Aid society of St. Matthews Catholic church held their regular meeting Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Harold Jackson, 517 Pennsylvania av., and was attended by 50 members. Plans were made to have a series of ice cream socials every two weeks after June 29. The next meeting which will be held in the evening with Sec. Edith Hoffman will be next Wednesday. All members are urged to attend as this will be the last meeting for the summer.

The meeting of the Loyal American No. 1003, was held Wednesday evening at their hall and three applications were balloted on. Plans were made for the Memorial services to be held June 25 at the hall. The next regular meeting will be held in two weeks.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Stull M. E. church met Wednesday afternoon at the church and was attended by the members. Plans were made for a picnic to be held on the church lawn June 30. The hostesses were Mrs. A. Collier, Mrs. Robert Royer and Miss Cora Shilt. The next meeting will be held July 12 at the same place.

The Ladies' Aid and Bible class of the Maple Grove M. E. church entertained the members of the Ladies' Aid of the Lakeville M. E. church at an all day meeting Wednesday at the home of Mrs. George Such, Inwood road. About 65 guests enjoyed a pot luck dinner at noon and the program following, which includes a reading by Mrs. Such, a duet by Miss Mildred and Miss Mabel Seaward. The Bible reading and discussion was in charge of Mrs. E. Anderson. Games and contests were featured late in the afternoon. The next meeting will be held July 12 with Mrs. William Kettinger.

Twenty-three members of the Lithian and Miami Camp Fire groups enjoyed an all day hike Wednesday. Dinner was served at Potawatomi park and supper at Battell park, Mishawaka. The seven members of the camp of fire-makers planned, prepared and served the meals for the day. The candidates included Robert Albert, Rolene Erler, Elva Ruth Holm, Nadine Kenney, Dorothy Rice, Donna Delle, Roy and Virginia Turner.

Mrs. George Riley entertained with a 1 o'clock luncheon at her home in Goshen Thursday afternoon. Among the guests were Mrs. M. V. Beiger of Mishawaka, Mrs. Metta Hlekon, Mrs. William D. O'Brien, Mrs. John Connolly, Mrs. E. Louis Kuhns, Mrs. Howard Woolvort and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, from this city.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Westminster Presbyterian church will be entertained this afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. H. Whitmore, 1134 Portage av. The assisting hostesses include Mesdames C. A. Roper, Frank Messinghill, J. Moornaw, Fred Martin, Vern Van Dusen. An apron sale will be featured.

The Women's Fellowship class of the First Baptist church will meet with Mrs. M. O. Voorhes, 1051 Foster st., this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Marsh Brechener, who were married Saturday at Cleveland, O., arrived last evening in the city to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brechener, 718 California av. They will leave Monday for an eastern motor trip.

W. H. Armstrong left yesterday for Grand Rapids, Mich., where he will attend the national furniture market exhibit.

Mrs. L. A. Gower, 320 S. William st., left Wednesday to attend the commencement exercises at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, where her son, Waldo Gower will be graduated.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hardwood and family, Riverside drive, left yesterday for Montreal, Canada, from which city they will sail for Europe Saturday.

Jacob Fuson, of Seattle, Wash., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Warner, 321 S. Franklin st.

Mrs. J. E. DeVore, 1223 Lincoln way E., has as her guest Mrs. Howard Gray, of Detroit, Mich.

Miss Gertrude Smith, of the Children's Dispensary, Miss Thadessa Taylor, of the Associated Charities and Miss Helen Gregory, of the Welfare Federation, will leave today for the national convention of Social Workers, which will be held at Providence, R. I., from June 22 to the 29. Miss Gregory and Miss

## Jazz King Makes \$800,000 in Five Years



10 YEARS AGO ISHAM JONES WAS PLAYING THE FIDDLE AT COUNTRY COON SHAKES.

KING OOMPAN IS HIS NICK NAME AND HIS OOMPAN HAS ALMOST MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE.

ISHAM JONES, KING OF JAZZ

CHICAGO, June 15.—"Blow your own horn, sonny, and blow it hard!" This was the advice the town's richest citizen in Adrian, Mich., gave to Isham Jones, 12 years ago.

Jones had gone to the money-bags asking for the formula for a short cut to great wealth.

Today Jones owns a palatial home and a fleet of automobiles and has servants and all the trappings of wealth. And his bank account is swelling so fast that he can hardly keep track of it.

"Simple," says Jones. "I blow my own horn—I mean my saxophone."

To the world of music Jones is what Charlie Chaplin is to the film. His nickname is "King Oompah". That's because he's probably the highest paid jazz orchestra leader in the country.

A loop hole here pays him \$5,000 a week to play in his restaurant two hours an evening.

Phonograph companies are clamoring for his services to make jazz records for them.

During the last five years Jones and his saxophone have accumulated over \$800,000 in salary and royalties from his compositions and phonograph records.

And the jazz king is only 28. Members of his orchestra have grown prosperous with him.

Jones is a big strapping fellow and looks entirely unlike a musician.

But how he can play! "I'm going to make a million and then quit," he says. "There's no use working all your life. A million will suit me fine."

Jones goes to work in his specially designed limousine. The driver wears a mouse-colored uniform to match the color scheme of the car.

A pocket has been built in to the auto to hold Jones' saxophone.

Jones takes in the town with his wife. Jones spends with the prodigality of "Coal-Oil Johnny" of a half century ago, tipping with bills of large denomination. But there's method in his madness, for thus he keeps attuned to the spirit of jazz.

Frequently he uses his orchestra to raise charitable funds.

Folks say "King Jazz" has a heart as large as a piano.

He dropped his own to the open book before him, and remained in that attitude until he had cleared the freight train at last, and I could no longer see him.

I would have censured any other woman—indeed, I blame myself—for using the opportunity afforded me by the mirrored window and his averted gaze to study his appearance critically. But my curiosity and my imagination had been excited by his unusual appearance, and his scrutiny of myself, and I confess it shamefacedly, I frankly stared at him until his image flashed out of my window-pane and the wonderful sunlight panorama outside came back.

But I saw nothing of sunlight or sea, neither did I return to my magazine for miles. With unseeing eyes I stared on the landscape outside as I was summing up my impressions of the foreigner behind me.

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There was no suspicion of disguise about him, however. I could have taken an oath that his hair and beard were neither dyed nor false, and the glasses were those frequently used to correct a certain defect of vision. But try as I might to banish the impression, to assure myself that I was the victim of an overwrought imagination, I could not rid myself of the idea that somewhere I had met the man before, and that he was aware of my identity.

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had met, most of them acquaintances of Dicky's but not in all the list could I remember any one remotely resembling this man who was so intriguing my imagination.

And then common sense came to my rescue, and I berated myself soundly for the foolishness of which I had been guilty. I might much better read melodramatic fiction; I told myself, instead of trying to imagine myself a part of it, and I turned resolutely to my serial, forcing myself to read, and keeping my eyes glued to the pages of the periodical I had bought until we were nearing New York City.

We had just entered the long tunnel stretching from Long Island under the East River to the heart of the city when the train came to a standstill, not suddenly, but gradually. I thought nothing of it at first, but after a few minutes I saw some of the men in the car look at one another, and then get up and go into a forward coach.

"Has anything happened?" I asked myself with a tremor of which I was ashamed, and I was glad for the moment that there was no one who knew me to observe the pallor which I was sure had settled on my face. Always I have had a terrible nervousness when passing through the long tunnel that something awful would happen to me sometime when traveling through it, and the delay which I could not help but see was making some of the other passengers uneasy was getting on my nerves.

And then—the lights of the car were suddenly blotted out, leaving us in total darkness.

(Copyright, 1922.)

UNCLE WIGGILY

"Just a moment, Uncle Wiggily!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzo to the rabbit gentleman one morning as he was about to hop away from his hollow stump bungalow. You are forgetting something!"

"I hope it isn't my pink, twinkling nose!" said the bunny, and he was very glad when he put up his paw and found that his nose was still fastened to his face. It would have been a pity to lose it."

"Your nose is all right!" laughed Nurse Jane. "When I was afraid you'd forget it's this apple pie. I baked it for Uncle Butter, the goat. Would you mind taking it to him?"

"I shall be most happy!" spoke Uncle Wiggily with a low and polite bow. Nurse Jane wrapped the apple pie in a clean napkin, made of white birch bark, and gave it to Uncle Wiggily.

The bunny rabbit gentleman hopped over the field and through the wood, and he was almost at Uncle Butter's house when, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily heard a cheerful,

"Uncle Wiggily!"

"What good will that do?" asked the Fox.

"Why, Uncle Wiggily will hear

whistling sound and a voice cried: "Bob! Bob White!"

"Ah, ha!" thought Uncle Wiggily, folding his ears down on his back so they wouldn't show so plainly. "It seems there is a boy here named Bob White. I must be careful until I find out if he is a boy who loves animals."

"If he is a chap who likes to tie cans on the tails of dogs, or throw stones at rabbits and squirrels and birds, I had better not let him see me," thought Uncle Wiggily. "But if he feeds the birds, and is a Boy Scout, it's all right I can safely hop along."

Again the cheerful cry came: "Bob! Bob White!"

"There must be two boys," thought the bunny. "One is calling the other. But I don't see either one." Uncle Wiggily looked over the top of a green, mossy log, behind which he had hidden himself, but instead of seeing one boy, or two, he saw a short, dumpy bird with brown and white feathers, moving around on the ground.

"Dear me! How hungry I am!" said the bird. Then he called: "Bob! Bob White!"

"Is that your name?" asked Uncle Wiggily, stepping out, as he knew he need not fear a bird.

"One of my names," answered the feathered chap. "I am also called Quail. My other name, Bob White, was given me because that is what my whistle sounds like. Though some farmers think I say 'We! More Wet!' and they think it means rain. But it doesn't and Bob White laughed. "If you'll say anything to eat," he asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Well," slowly answered the bunny gentleman, "I have an apple pie," and he looked at what was wrapped in the birch bark napkin.

"But Nurse Jane is sending it to Uncle Butter the goat, and—"

"Oh, I wouldn't for the world dream of taking Uncle Butter's pie!" whistled the jolly quail. "But if you could spare me a few of the crumbs I would be thankful."

"Surely you may have the crumbs—Uncle Butter won't want them," answered Mr. Longears. He opened the birch bark napkin and shook out on the ground some of the pie crumbs.

"Oh, how good they are!" whistled the quail as he picked them up. "Now I am not hungry any more. I hope I may do you a favor some day, Uncle Wiggily!" he called as he flew away singing, "Bob! Bob White!"

Uncle Wiggily hopped on to Uncle Butter's house and the goat gentleman was very glad to get Nurse Jane's apple pie. And when Uncle Wiggily was on his way home the Fox and Wolf, meeting in the woods talked over how they might catch the bunny.

"I have a plan," growled the Wolf. "The Black Crow is a friend of ours. He will help us. We'll get the Crow to hide in the woods and go 'Haw! Haw! Haw!' which sounds like laughing."

"What good will that do?" asked the Fox.

"Why, Uncle Wiggily will hear

the Crow laughing," answered the Wolf. "He'll walk along to see where it comes from, and the Crow will fly ahead of him, leading him on, and we'll catch him."

"Good!" cried the Fox, but I think it was bad. But the two plotting chaps got the Black Crow to help them. Soon, as Uncle Wiggily was coming through the woods, the Crow, hidden in a tree, began to call "Haw! Haw! Haw!" It sounded like horse laughter.

"I must see who is laughing at me," said Uncle Wiggily, just as the Crow flew on, haw-hawing and caw-cawing, and Uncle Wiggily followed. The Crow was leading the bunny toward the Fox and Wolf hidden in the bushes when, all of a sudden a whistling voice cried: "Bob! Bob White!"

"That isn't my name!" quickly answered the Crow. "I am Black Crow! Don't you dare call me White!"

"White! White! Bob White!" came the whistle again, and this made the Crow so angry that he flew down to find out who was calling him names, and there he saw the Quail.

"Run, Uncle Wiggily! Run!" cried the quail. "This Crow is only trying to lead you to the Fox and Wolf. That is why I called him Bob White—to make him angry, as his name is Black!"

"Oh, thank you!" laughed the bunny and away he ran with his pink nose. So the plan of the Fox and Wolf didn't work, because of Bob White's jolly whistle.

And if the rubber ball doesn't bounce on the head of the cabbage and try to spread ice cream salad on the face of the clock I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the fox bird.

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Tomorrow's HORIZONS

By Genevieve Kemble

SATURDAY, JUNE 17.

Conflicting forces rule on this day, judding by the planetary conjunction. The most powerful menacing force is the opposition of Luna to Saturn, which threatens the health, bespeaks bereavement and is a figure of setback and obstruction in a business way. Still, and as well as social relations. Those whose birthday it is are under a rule not promised the greatest satisfaction in business, but forecasting particularly happy domestic and affectional interests. A child born on this day will be generous and affectionate, but may be proud and difficult to manage unless carefully trained in early life.

Love can neither be bought nor sold. Its only price is love.

## Revelations of A Wife

THE UNEASY FEELING OF BEING WATCHED THAT TROUBLED MADGE.

There was something about the tall distinguished-looking foreigner who had just assisted me aboard the train that made me feel vaguely ill at ease.

"Thank you so much!" I murmured, awkwardly enough, indeed, and walked on to my chair, which I immediately swung facing the window.

I think every woman has the intuition which tells her when a man is looking at her, and I was acutely conscious that the eyes of the elderly stranger were watching my every movement. I hastened to settle myself for the trip to the city with my usual fussy trick of putting my purse, veil and gloves into my bag, that I might not mislay them during the journey, and then opening my favorite magazine I tried to forget the continuation of a serial of which I had read the first instalments.

But I could not fix my eyes on the printed page before me, for it seemed to me that eyes behind me, concealed by thick-lensed glasses, were boring into my back. It was a most eerie, uncomfortable feeling, and I moved involuntarily in my seat and looked out of the window at the beautiful panorama of bay and stream and forest lighting past us.

And then, for a brief minute or two, the view outside was obscured by the long length of a freight train, incidentally transforming my window into a fairly good mirror. And in it I saw my intuition confirmed.

Madge Is Puzzled.

The elderly foreigner was watching me intently, his thick-lensed glasses shielding his eyes from the sun rays which were playing over his features. He was quick, however, and unusually adroit, for as he caught my eyes in the mirrored win-

dow he dropped his own to the open book before him, and remained in that attitude until he had cleared the freight train at last, and I could no longer see him.

I would have censured any other woman—indeed, I blame myself—for using the opportunity afforded me by the mirrored window and his averted gaze to study his appearance critically. But my curiosity and my imagination had been excited by his unusual appearance, and his scrutiny of myself, and I confess it shamefacedly, I frankly stared at him until his image flashed out of my window-pane and the wonderful sunlight panorama outside came back.

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## Fair Prices Right Treatment

Careful and Systematic Particular work for particular people. I followed this system for over 20 years.

Dr. J. BURKE

The House of the Kryptok Glasses

230 SOUTH MICHIGAN ST.

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At Wheelock's

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It Will Not Break

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Built entirely of steel—lined with flexible blue Amalite with its porcelain like surface.

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The pure blue Amalite has all the sanitary qualities of glass. There are no removable parts and no unsealed openings into which liquids may leak.

The Thrift Buy

First cost is last cost. There are no fillers to break. Pint size .....\$7.50 Quart size .....\$10.00 2 Quart size .....\$15.00

George H. Wheelock & Company

212 West Washington Ave.

F. M. DUNE, T. M.

(Formerly 124 S. Main St.)

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Contingent Fund and Undivided

Profits, \$45,000

BUILDING & LOAN ASSO-

CIATION OF SOUTH BEND

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